

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

S34

## "He Struck Christ"

and now must wander for ever



## ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

Says  
Mark Priestley

JUST a hundred years ago, a man who had made the Law look silly announced that he was retiring from business.

Joseph Ady shut up his office, bought a fine house in the country, acquired several carriages and many servants, and proceeded to lead an existence of luxurious ease.

Joe Ady was as great a trickster as ever lived. Yet he made all his money from a simple trick—and he kept within the law.

In the Courts of Chancery, he reviewed the lists of unclaimed dividends, bank balances, estates with lost heirs, and the names. Making lists of the names, he sent letters to people bearing the same surnames.

"If you would care to send me the small fee of a guinea," his correspondence always ran, "you will hear of something to your advantage..."

When anyone replied, enclosing money, Ady sent a second note saying that his correspondent's name appeared in a list of unclaimed money or estates, and advising him to have an investigation.

What's in a name? For Joe Ady the answer was a mint of money. For he could draw thousands of pounds from the John Smiths of Britain merely by advising them that a John Smith happened to be mentioned in a certain Chancery list.

In hundreds of cases, the people he diddled rushed to their lawyers. The legal men pursued their lips. "The information might in some cases prove an advantage," they declared. "There is no statute in existence to prove that he is carrying on a dishonest business!"

Ady knew it. He was so sure of himself that, even if an estate was worth only a few shillings, he could circularise people of the same name and make a neat pile of guineas in return for his information.

Every few months somebody dragged him to court, but though Joe was prosecuted many times, he was never convicted.

Once he dispatched one of his artful letters to the Solicitor-General for Ireland. It was big game, but even the greatest brains sometimes failed to see through Joe's little dodge. By return of post came the usual guinea!

At length he came up on a charge of fraud before Sir Richard Birnie.

"I have received more than fifty letters from people complaining that they have been swindled," said the magistrate sternly.

"There are laws in England for every kind of offence," returned Joe coolly. "If I had done wrong, I should have been punished long ago. You have never lost a sovereign by me yet."

"True," said the magistrate, "but you tried hard for it by sending me one of your swindling letters. Since I never had a relation as rich as yourself, your information would be useless."

"In that case, Sir Richard," said Joe calmly, "I will remove your name from my books..."

And with this retort he left the courts—a free (and a rich) man!

YOU have heard the name, of course — the Wandering Jew. You can believe the story is merely legend; but there is more than that in it.

Over in Brittany, when a big storm is raging, the people have a saying, "The Wandering Jew is passing by."

In Southern Italy, some peasants leave a jar of water and a piece of bread outside their doors at night "in case the Wandering Jew should need them."

Although there were stories of this strange character having visited Britain in the early Middle Ages, the first "authentic" story of him was told in the history of the Abbey of St. Albans about that time. There it is stated that an archbishop came to England to visit and see the relics of the saints. He produced letters from the then Pope, and on his arrival at St. Albans he was given hospitality by the monks.

One evening he told them of a character he had met in Asia Minor who had visited him and ate at his table. This man was sad and travel-worn, and made the astounding statement that he had been in Pilate's hall at the trial of Jesus. He related exactly what happened there, and how, when Jesus had been handed over by Pilate to the mob, he had struck Jesus as he passed, saying, "Go quicker to your doom. Why do you loiter?" And Jesus had answered, "I go, but you will wait on earth till my return."

Asked what his real name was, this traveller had told the Archbishop of Armenia that his name at the time of the Crucifixion was Cartaphilus, and he was then a door-keeper in Pilate's hall. He was thirty years of age at the time, and whenever he reached the hundredth year he returned to that age and continued his wanderings without rest.

Now, it has been found that one of the door-keeper's of Pilate's hall was actually named Cartaphilus.

This strange character has been noted a number of times in history. On April 22nd, 1774, he is said to have appeared in Brussels, giving then the name of Isaac Laquedem.

He told a similar story to the people of Brussels, and refused all alms except a crust of bread and a cup of water. When money was pressed on him he gave it to the poor.

Taken before the burgo-master, he repeated his story, and was described as a man of holy conversation, "a man of few words, and very religious and circumspect in his behaviour." He performed a few minor miracles, and then disappeared from Brussels as mysteriously as he had arrived.

In Germany, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Wandering Jew appeared

Andre Thornwood recounts the fable of "The Wandering Jew"

again, this time under the name of Ahasuerus, and appeared before the Bishop of Hamburg. The Bishop was so struck with his story and his appearance that he asked Ahasuerus if he would preach in the Cathedral. The reply was that he dared not preach, but would gladly listen to the Bishop preaching.

The Bishop who relates the story says that the stranger sat under the pulpit during the service and then walked out of the church. When people hastened after him he had vanished.

This man is described as fairly tall, about fifty years of age, with long hair hanging to his shoulders. He did not wear shoes, but sandals, which were very ragged, and a pair of seaman's trousers, with a mantle covering his shoulders. He never accepted money, and spoke German with a foreign accent.

Some years later the Wandering Jew arrived at Strasbourg as a beggar. He was taken before the magistrates, and then, in grave and calm words, declared that he had visited the town two centuries previously.

He said that during his many wanderings he had been known as Ahasuerus, Joseph, and other names, but his real name was Cartaphilus.

The magistrates thought they were dealing with a madman, and asked him how he could prove he was in the city 200 years previously.

For answer, the stranger told them to look up the records, which would show that he had appeared before the magistrates two centuries ago and been questioned as they were now questioning him. He said the name he had then been called was Ahasuerus.

The records were looked up, and the man's statements were found to be accurate, even to the questions and answers he had given two centuries previously.

The Strasbourg magistrates could find no charge against the man and let him go, with instructions to the police to watch him. The next day he disappeared and was never again heard of.

There are stories of the Wandering Jew being seen in France in 1604, and later in Flanders. And wherever he has appeared he tells the same story of having been at the Crucifixion and received the sentence of having to live until the end of the world.

Less than 100 years ago he was said to have been encountered on the Island of Jamaica. He has not been heard of since.

## Beneath The Surface



with Al Male

"WHAT is Truth?" said Pilate.

In these days it is difficult to know when one is really listening to the truth, so expert have become the propagandists.

So convincingly do they clothe lies, to suit their own motives... so thoroughly do they misrepresent Truth to justify their own actions.

Yet, of course, there is only one truth... and what is not true is obviously untrue, even though it deviates only slightly.

Pilate knew perfectly well what the truth was with regard to Jesus of Nazareth... but he had put himself on the spot so far as the Jews were concerned... he had left himself open to accusations which would not only have jeopardised his position, but would have definitely outed him, and so, of course, he evaded the responsibility of making the decision which his conscience dictated... choosing the one which dictated his security as representative of Rome.

He became the first "sitter on the fence," and, as a result of his weakness, the face of the whole world was changed.

Christ said, "I am the Way, the Life, and the Truth."... If ever Truth was held up to ridicule, scourged and sacrificed, it was then... and all because a man who was the Roman representative of Justice had placed himself in such a position that he could be made into the tool of the unscrupulous.

ALL HAVE LIED. We say "A lie begets a lie," and once you have "spun the yarn" (with intent to pass it off as truth, of course), there is no end to it.

There's a great difference, naturally, between the exaggerated untruths of the joker and the calculated lying of the deceiver.

The essence of a joke is very often its absurdity, whereas the cruelty of serious lying is its deception of others... very often others who have implicit trust in the liar.

And once that trust is betrayed, it takes a dickens of a lot to restore it.

We have all lied... very often because we considered the questions put to us had no right to be asked... they were not the business of the questioner... at least, so we thought.

Some people do poke their noses in where they are not entitled to, and, rather than hurt them, we stall, and tell a half-truth, with the result that we are uncomfortable. To justify our lies we tell more... actually trying to make the other person see our side against their better judgment, so that we can emerge, the goodie-goodie we like to be thought we are.

The truth at times seems too shattering for us to utter, and I honestly believe that if some people (particularly the jealous ones) did not persist in questioning they would save both themselves and the liar a great deal of distress.

The trouble is that a lie is very often spoken to cover up a spot of deception (because

broken trust is deception), and therefore, in anticipation of "third degree" we lay a false trail. This leads on and on, until the liar becomes completely bogged.

What's the solution? Obviously, if Pilate had not put himself in the electric chair, so to speak, he need never have worried about the current being on or off... he could have defied those who persisted in crucifying Truth.

TRUTH'S OPEN FACE.

And just as true, even though maybe with less world-shattering consequences... if we avoid those things which we know perfectly well are in direct contradiction to our pledges and ideals... we, too, can look the whole world in the face... save ourselves all the anxiety of chaotic lying, and save others great distress.

Many a person has lied another into suicide... and on the other hand many a person has been driven to suicide by a nagging, over-inquisitive, busybody scandalmonger.

The whole world at this moment is in a state of murderous chaos, and all because of lying... deliberate lying.

Power, lust, begets deceptive propaganda.

Children are actually taught principles which are directly opposed to truth, with the result that their minds are perverted.

If you lock your child in a room, keeping it away from any outside influence, and then deliberately poison its mind with ideas which you know are wrong, but are part of your scheme for the furtherment of your iniquitous plans, then that child accepts all you have packed into its receptive mind as being the Truth, even though it may be horrible in its fiendishness. Just as inevitably as a child fed only on cake must think there isn't any other kind of food.

So you see how important it is to realise that Truth is the basis of sincerity and the confidence (individual and international) which it engenders.

The unfortunate thing is that nowadays Truth is side-tracked.

Speaking the truth about commodities in commerce would very often have the directly opposite result as a sales-getter to the glowing, highly coloured stuff called publicity.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Speaking the truth about the motives of an individual power-seeker or nation thirsting for domination would knock the whole thing sideways, because it would reveal the business in its filthy, sordid nakedness... stinking selfishness.

And so men and nations would not prosper... they would not achieve bigness... at least, that is the doctrine.

But it's all wrong. Truth gives strength. Truth gives courage. Truth exposes filth. Truth shows the crookedness of "rackets." Truth means honesty and square dealing, with no cards palmed. Truth plans, not empires, but the City Beautiful everywhere. Cheerio and Good Hunting.



## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

### THIS OLD PONY COULDN'T FORGET

SIXTEEN years ago, "Owd Bob" had a fright, and— even though he's twenty now— a loud bang sends him galloping.

You wouldn't think, to look at him, that the old pony was twenty years old. He carries his head well up, and the white blaze down the middle of his forehead turns abruptly over one nostril, giving him such an impudent air that you would judge him to be no more than "at his best days."

But "Owd Bob" has been in partial retirement for the past ten years, ever since the son grew beyond the age of pony-riding, and has only been used for "dodging-about jobs."

There is one job, however, always reserved for "Owd Bob," that is drilling sugar-beet and turnips. His little feet are better adapted to walking down the rows than are the big feet of the plough-horses, so Bob is always called upon to shaft the turnip-drill.

Since last summer, Bob has worked full-time in the war effort, saving a considerable amount of petrol by running errands which were formerly done by car. He has come into his own again, and seems proud of it.

Everybody uses "Owd Bob" nowadays instead of the car, and the wonderful thing is the old pony never seems to tire, but seems quite happy at being noticed again.

Quiet? Well, yes, he's quiet to ride and drive, but—it happened years ago, when Bob was a young four-year-old. A party was down in the fields rabbit-shooting.

Bob was taken along the cart track to bring home the game. Some lunatic "sportsman" fired a gun too near Bob's head, and he bolted "halter-skelter" across the field. He finished up in a heap on the farther side of the hedge, with the cart stuck



fast amongst the gripping thorns.

Bob never got over the terrible fright, and now, in his old age, one has to be careful when guns are about.

It may be disastrous, or just amusing, when "Owd Bob" offers to gallop away nowadays. Last week it was amusing—except to old Shep and the pony.

Snep had loaded up the spring-cart with bags of sheep-corn, and on top of these there balanced uneasily two trusses of hay. The old pony plodded slowly along the cart track, with Shep seated, not very securely, on the rocking trusses.

The reins hung loose on the cart front, for Bob needs no driving, and Shep's attention was needed to keep the hay from jolting off.

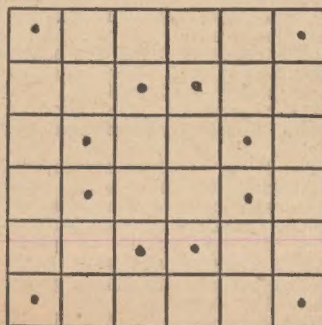
The tractor-driver was busy in the fallows, and as he spun round on the headland he shouted a greeting to old Shep. At the same time there was a loud report as the tractor back-fired, and away went "Owd Bob" careering along like a "two-year-old," with poor old Shep bobbing up and down on the hay, like a cork in a stormy sea.

The pace was too furious to last, and after Shep and the hay had been jolted, undamaged, into the mud, the old pony drew up at the gate, panting and snorting in alarm. "Thou giddy young beggar," was all Shep said on reaching the cart.

"Owd Bob" quietened down as Shep led him alongside the sheep troughs, but if ever Shep walked more than a few yards away the pony snorted, twitched his ears, and followed closely after.

He seemed to find something soothing to his nerves in keeping close up to Shep, for whenever Shep went behind the cart the pony's legs began to quiver and he seemed to be listening for another "bang."

Yes, "Owd Bob's" quiet enough—but he hasn't forgotten.



Solution to Dots Puzzle in S.33.

## LETTERS THAT STRUCK ADVENTURE IN THE POST

By Frank Moss

AN Irishwoman, walking near her home in County Kerry recently, saw a scrap of paper lying in the hedge. Curiosity prompted closer examination.

It proved to be a postcard, badly charred, but still decipherable. It was the only piece of mail to survive from a plane which had crashed some time previously at a place nearby and caught fire.

The postcard had come with 25,000 others from prisoners of war in the Far East, but some freak chance had blown it clear of the flames. In due course it was delivered to the addressee in Maidenhead, the parents of a Lieutenant, the first communication they had had from their son for two years.

Considering the many millions of letters and postcards sent to all parts of the world, the number that are lost is surprisingly small—and some of these are only lost until they are found!

The postal authorities, under the motto "Better late than never," take extreme pains to make sure the mail is delivered.

Recently, tens of thousands of letters were in 1,500 bags carried by a ship in the Mediterranean. The ship was involved in an accident. But presently the bags were recovered and their contents set out to dry on a North African beach. Only a small proportion of the letters proved undecipherable.

### POSTED EARLY.

Sometimes curious accidents result in mail being undelivered. Reconstruction of the interior of a post office a short time before the war brought to light a postcard that had lodged behind one of the fittings for over twenty years!

Some years ago a South London boy scout borrowed two sacks from the local post office to collect waste paper. When he emptied his pile of paper there was a stamped parcel on top.

He decided to take it back to the post office, and then noticed that the address was in the handwriting of his mother! It had been posted for Christmas, had somehow lodged at the bottom of the rack and remained unnoticed.

A second posting saw it delivered in time for Easter!

In Britain we generally expect letters delivered the day after posting. But there is one box where you can post a letter and remain quite uncertain when it will be cleared. This is near Cranmere Pool, on Dartmoor, one of the wildest spots in Britain.

It is never visited except by hardy hikers, for it is two

miles from the nearest road and most of the way is treacherous bog. You post your letter here, and the next visitor collects it, to post it in the first box from which there is a regular collection.

There is a special postmark, "Cranmere Pool, Dartmoor," as well as the usual postmark of whatever sorting office the letter may reach. In summer, hikers make regular collection every few days fairly certain, although the moor may be covered in mist for a week at a time.

In winter, collections, if any, are exceedingly infrequent, and a letter posted in September may have to wait until June sunshine has lessened the danger of the bogs before it is collected.

### TIN CAN MAIL.

"Tin Can" mails sometimes result in long delays between posting and delivery. When St. Kilda was inhabited, this was a common way of "posting." The letters might turn up on the beaches of Sweden, weeks or months later.

Niufouou Island, Tonga, had a tin can mail, the postmark being valued by philatelists, and the mail for the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean (now in Japanese hands) was dropped by steamers in a barrel.

These mails are, of course, specially sealed against the water. But there have been plenty of instances of mail in ordinary bags lying at the bottom of the sea for three months or more and afterwards being raised and delivered.

One of the first of these letters, addressed to a Mr. Peterson in London, is in the Post Office museum.

The ship carrying it from China with other mail sank near Aden. Three months later the mail bags were salvaged, and in spite of their long immersion the addresses on the letters were deciphered and they were delivered.

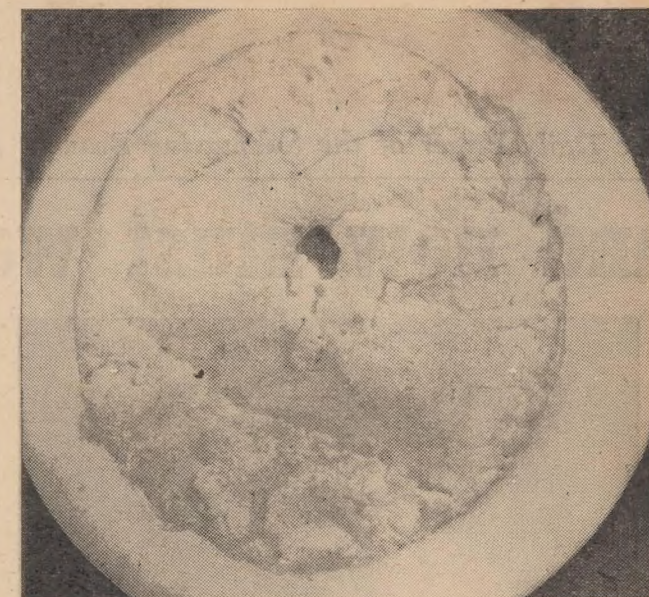
Sorting and deciphering mail which has been soaked in water is a specialised job. It is undertaken by experienced postal officials who between times get plenty of practice in the "returned letter" section.

A curiosity is that the stamps always peel off when the letters are dried. Technically, the recipient can claim his stamp, so thousands of stamps are collected and kept for six months before being disposed of!

### GEE—A RECORD!

The "slow motion" record of

## SUNDAY FARE



### WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Cups.

The two divinest things this world has got, A lovely woman in a rural spot!

Leigh Hunt.

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

Francis Hutcheson (1694-1746).

Papa, don't tell me she's a Pædobaptist! Edmund Gosse (1849-1928).

the Post Office seems to be 50 years—no one knows what had happened to the letter in the interval.

The speed record is six minutes.

It was set up in 1922, when Captain R. Gee, V.C., M.P., wrote a letter to a fellow M.P. in the House. He posted it in the House of Commons Post Office. It was stamped and delivered at once.

The recipient wrote a reply on the spot, and this was delivered to Captain Gee exactly six minutes after he had posted his letter!

## TOTS' CIRCUS—

WITH an entire circus of lions, monkeys, ponies, dogs and birds, as their playmates, two little girls, aged ten and eleven, help to put the animals through their paces in the kennels where, a few years ago, the huntsman's daughter used to play with hounds of the Hurworth Hunt, near Darlington.

The children, Lucy Reco, aged 11, and her sister, Elver, aged 10, with their parents, have moved their circus into the centuries-old kennels of this famous North Country hunt, now in new quarters.

A circus ring is fixed in the grounds where hounds used to parade, while fully-grown lions occupy the kennels. The house where the hounds' food was prepared is now the monkey house, while locals from the village imagine they are in a strange land when they wander among the other outhouses.

But most envied by all the children of the village are Lucy and Elver, for they have an entire circus to play

## IN KENNELS

with. Already they have got the team of dogs trained for their own private circus, while the ponies are learning new tricks from their young mistresses.

One day the two children hope to be stars of the circus. Lucy is booked to take charge of a team of Liberty horses, while Elver will be bare-back rider and tight-rope walker. Already she has perched on her father's shoulders 65 feet above the ground, while he walked the tight-rope.

"It's a strange change for the hunt kennels to house a circus," said Mr. Reco, "but we have found it ideal. If any of the ghosts of the old inmates of the kennels came here they would get a shock to see the animals we have moved into their places."

F. W. REED



## ? Puzzle Corner ?

1. ENDURANCE  
2. NEGATIVES  
3. PREVALENT  
4. REFERENCE  
5. APPREHEND  
6. INDECENCY  
7. STERNNESS  
8. DENOUNCED  
9. EXQUISITE

Solution to Missing Words in S.33.

BARAERN  
CEISAIS  
RALGRUH  
ASNACEN  
AANISOT  
BLAGCOI  
KASNOHL

Here are the names of some well-known places in Persia, Burma and India. The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. Can you find them? Solution in S.35.

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Nelson, at the Battle of Trafalgar, wasn't a full admiral, but only a vice-admiral.

When a whale comes to the surface of the water it exhales the air in its lungs, and as the moist breath condenses it forms a column of mist which is often mistaken for solid water.

A whale is a true mammal. It is not a fish, for three reasons: It breathes air, it suckles its young, and it is warm-blooded.



# BUCK RYAN



# MARVEL WITH MILLIER

By W. H. MILLIER

AT odd moments for the past forty years and more of a busy life, I have delved into the obscurity of the old Prize Ring in an attempt to sort the wheat from the chaff, and the conclusion I arrived at quite a long time ago is that the sporting writers of the old days have left us very much in the dark.

The later days of the old Prize Ring were marked by such scenes of rufianism that the death of knuckle-fighting was inevitable. Most villainies in sport can be traced to betting, and in so many of the fights that ended in the ring being broken into by the crowd it was the betting that was the direct cause.

If their man looked like being beaten, the more rufianly section of the crowd simply broke up the ring. Sometimes the fight would be renewed at another venue; but in most instances it would be called a draw and all bets would be cancelled.

As often as not the fight would be broken up by the police, but quite frequently the cry of "Police!" would be falsely raised in order to break up the fight when the man they wanted to win appeared to be losing beyond any doubt.

In many of the more genuine sporting encounters, where fairly big stakes, and perhaps the championship, were at issue, great pains were taken to see that the venue was kept as secret as possible in order to keep out the undesirable element; but trust the old-time gangsters to get inside information somehow or other.

It has been known in a number of instances where the magistrate, before whom the principals were afterwards hauled, had been present at the fight as an honoured spectator. Many of the old champions became publicans on their retirement from the ring, but they never lost touch with the fighting game. The fights were generally fixed up in the hostleries run by the old-timers, who were generally interested in a pupil or two, for whom they were pleased to make matches.

## HUSH-HUSH.

Although the fights were all supposed to be very secret, they used to charter special trains, and even special steamers, to take the principals and their hosts of followers to the scene of the combat. Even if there was no police interference in so many of the fights, it can scarcely be believed that the police did not know. The sporting reporters were generally present, so there could not have been much secrecy.

The last of the old knuckle-fighting champions was Jem Smith, a Londoner, who fought Jake Kilrain, the American champion, for the world's ring championship in 1887. I used to enjoy my chats with old Jem, who was greatly esteemed in boxing circles.

From time to time he would draw on his memories of his knuckle-fighting days, and he told me many good stories. His last few years were made comfortable for him by means of a benefit arranged by some of the most kindly of the sporting fraternity.

I served on the committee, and we were able to announce a nice sum around £1,500 as a result of the benefit show, which was held in the old National Sporting Club and was attended by racing notabilities from all over the country, as well as a big crowd of boxing enthusiasts.

## SECRET RENDEZVOUS.

One of the stories Jem told me with a chuckle serves to illustrate the elaborate plans that had to be made in order to keep the fight venue from the knowledge of the police and undesirables. His backer had told him to call at a certain place in the East End of London, where he would find the vehicle to take him and his party to meet a well-known opponent and great rival.

When Jem arrived, he found he had to go to a covered yard where a pair-horsed furniture pantechnicon was waiting. The driver and his mate were seated on the box, and they were wearing the aprons usual to men of the furniture-removal business, and, to make it all look quite ordinary, there were chairs and tables and other items on the outside of the vehicle.

Inside were Smith's backers and his seconds, and a well-known trainer of race-horses, also Mornington Cannon, the most famous jockey of that day. Directly Smith joined them they drove off.

They had not been long on the journey when the pantechnicon stopped. "We haven't got there yet," said Smith's backer. He peered out through the slit in the doors at the rear of the van. "Where the devil are we?" he asked.

He had not long to wait for the answer, for scarcely had he finished speaking when the doors were thrown open and a burly police sergeant ordered them all to get out.

## IN THE TRAP.

They had been driven into the police station yard and were as safe as if they were already locked in the cells.

"It was a fair cop," said Jem. "As neat a bit of work as any I had seen like that."

The whole bunch of them had to face the magistrate and put the best face on it they could contrive; but this gentleman happened to be a good sportsman, and he bound them all over to keep the peace and not frequent prize fights for twelve months.



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# They built their prayers in stone



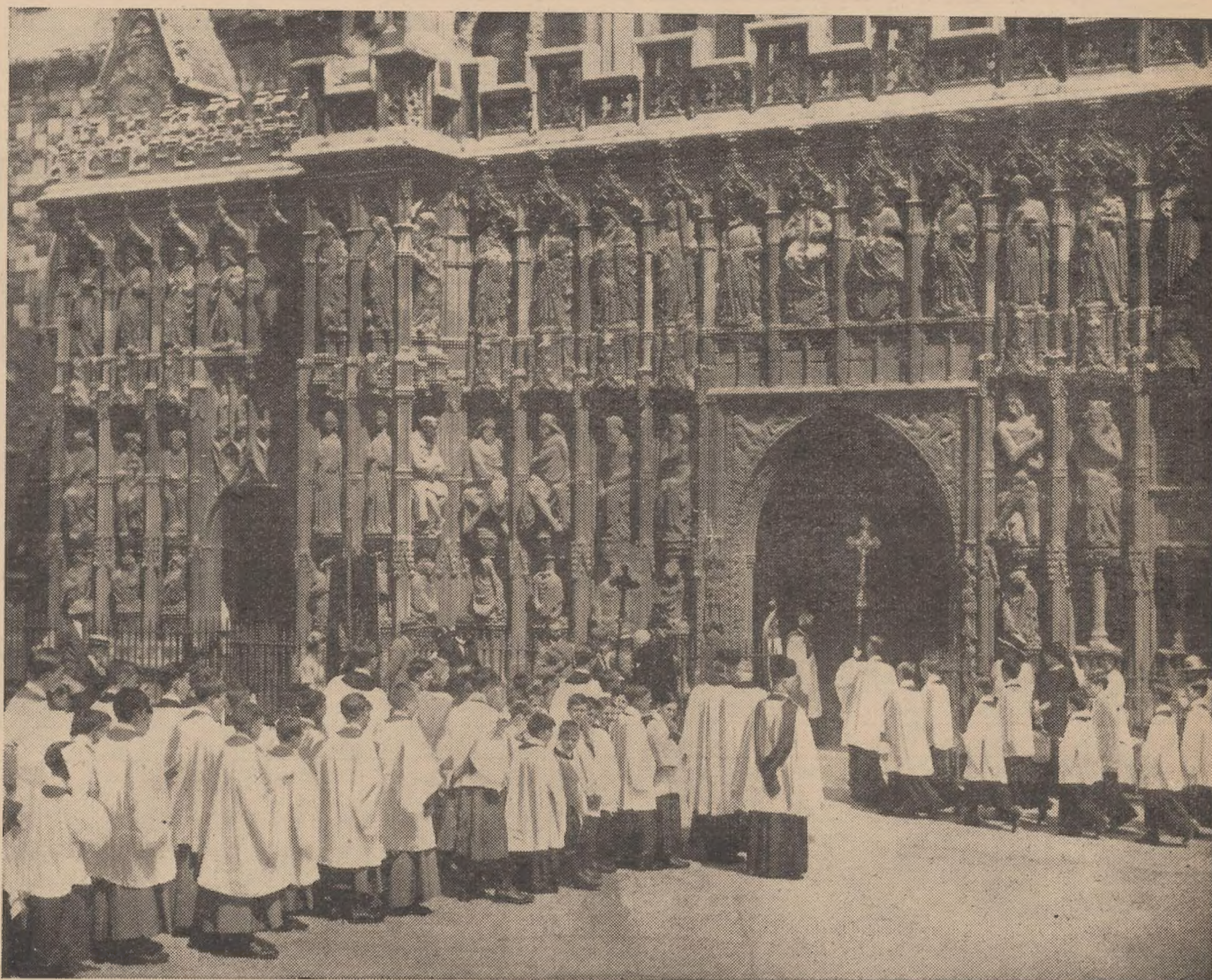
Venerable  
York Minster  
built in the  
XVth Century



The glory of Gothic architecture. The arches of Winchester Cathedral.



Dusk closes in on this wonder of all ages, Canterbury Cathedral. The first English Cathedral and headquarters of the Church in England for over a thousand years.



Massed Devon Choirs attend Exeter Cathedral. Here they are going into the Cathedral, and singing as they go.